



# The Writer



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## Chapter 1 by GoldenPencil

There once was a writer who loved to write,  
He even had a special writing pen,  
The writer wrote on many things like dragons to smite,  
Or even its life inside said dragons den,  
The writer never ran out of creativity,  
There was in truth never a time where he had blanked,  
Or even had a time of inactivity,  
By that I mean his brain gears still cranked,  
He even had a soul mate,  
She was really quite fond of reading his special book,  
She was like fish to bait,  
The writer truly loved Kate so very much and even as a cook,  
The writer once tried to propose,  
She didn't exactly like it as such,  
Kate just froze,  
That was the moment where the writer's life became lonesome,  
His life was filled with despair and sadness,  
From that day onwards he wrote many a sad poem,  
Then came the madness,  
The writer had written so much he had run out of ink,  
He hadn't a clue what to do,

He began to think

He should start anew,

He packed all his belongings,

Relived his past

For the last time took in his surroundings,

After that the moment had passed,

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A few weeks later he had a place to call his own,  
He set himself on the floor with his pen and paper,  
After all the work from moving he let out a big groan,  
Here his ideas grew as big as a skyscraper,  
All day and night he did write,  
One story after the next they didn't stop coming,  
For him it was quite a delight,  
He just kept on humming,  
That is until he faced his biggest fear,  
It wasn't a very pleasant one,  
But it was finally here,  
His shoulders felt like they weighed a tonne,  
The writer had run out of things to write about,  
No more beautiful words or tragedy or love,  
He was in the middle of a mental drought,  
To think of all the writers of which he was above,  
Now they were above and he was left behind,  
What would he do now that his flame was snubbed,  
His fate was most unkind,  
Now him and his brain were unplugged,  
He began to sadly and slowly regress,  
Day by day his happiness was replaced by more and more gloom,  
It was so bad he didn't even care to undress,  
His study had become a simple waiting room,  
It wasn't so long ago he was in a situation just like this,  
When Kate had rejected the writer he went into a phase,  
He seemed to fall into an abyss,  
T'was the same nowadays,  
The writer was truly lonely now,

He pondered on why this was such  
Oh he'd been such a cow,  
He had been so sad no one wanted him that kind of  
Tomorrow would be a new  
He said to himself that he'll make himself shine  
On that very day he went striding out the doorway

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The writer hadn't gone outside in quite a while,  
But as he did he felt warm and comforted inside,  
He walked along the street merrily humming to his heart's content,  
The path seemed never ending as he kept to a casual stride,  
This was going to be a day well spent,  
As he walked he came to a little corner cafe,  
Many people seemed to mingle at this little spot,  
Lovely people to meet oh how joyous and gay,  
Oh what's the harm in giving it a shot,  
He walked up to the counter to ask the cashier what was on special,  
The bright young woman replied,  
Basically anything that comes of that old kettle,  
It tasted swell but was so hot he almost cried,  
The woman giggled and seemingly disappeared,  
The writer looked over the counter to find her sniggering,  
Well that was most weird,  
The next thing he heard were two people bickering,  
A man and a woman stood between him,  
The woman didn't want to marry him but he obviously thought otherwise,  
This is nothing but grim,  
The writer took them by surprise,  
He stood isolating them and recited one of the poems he'd written,  
Not one of which to criticize,  
But really just to fit in,  
Two bodies always together now make a shadowed gap,  
Only a short time ago they would've been happy with each other,  
Now only causing pain and mishap,  
I've seen this happen one after another,  
Don't let your love go to waste,

But is never the in the right

Please for once don't make haste

Go home and think about it tonight

The couple looked at each

They thanked the writer and walked home holding hands

Imagine what could've happened if he'd rehearsed

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Everyone stared at him as if they were adoring fans,  
Was this a good thing he had done,  
Should he attempt to do it again,  
He could do good to everyone,  
Helping people to solve their suffering and pain,  
It was a noble cause of which he could uphold,  
Getting rid of sadness could only brighten the writer's heart,  
For once in his life he'd go for gold,  
His life was to once again restart,  
Hopefully for the best this time,  
Nowadays he sits in his chair helping people and their fear,  
The odd thing was he didn't ask for even a dime,  
Many times before he had shed many a tear,  
He didn't want people to go through what he did,  
He did it out of caring and optimism,  
Although he tried to refuse some people gave him a couple quid,  
Those some would say he was one for heroism,  
All that became irrelevant as the writer began to grow old,  
No one thought it was to be this soon,  
Everyone came including Kate who had only just been told,  
It hadn't been a pleasant afternoon,  
But then Kate took a liking to his life story,  
and this is how it went...

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